THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS.

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MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B and Third sts.. Capitol Hill:

SELECTED TALES.

(*From the Boston Mercantile Journal*)

SALT-WATER BUBBLES.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

THE DANGERS OF A LEE SHORE.

(*Concluded.*)

The ship had escaped from that imminent danger--and in their hearts the crew thanked their God for their deliverance!

But the danger of the ship, even now, was far from being a safe one. The gale continued to sweep over the ocean with resistless force, and there were no signs in the heavens that its career was soon to end. The Lady Madison was bove to as soon as the ship had cleared the reefs and the island! But Captain Swain well knew that other reefs and islands were in these seas, and that directly under their lee was the craggy and precipitous coast of Scotland, to which they were drawing nearer every moment. He had lost all means of anchoring his ship, and his only hope lay in the direction of the wind—or a lull, which would allow him to make more sail, and stand off shore. And all that day did the crew of that noble ship remain on deck, reckless of rest or food—gazing eagerly to leeward—until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Captain Swain addressed to them a few words explaining the perilous condition of the ship, and describing the course he had intended to adopt.

'We are now,' said he, 'very near the coast of Scotland. I know it by the soundings, and other circumstances. It cannot be more than a few miles off, and the gale blows as fiercely as ever. If we continue to lie to, we may not reach the coast until after dark when if we strike upon rocks, we shall all, undoubtedly, be lost. But if we make the coast in the *day* time, we shall be better able to take proper measures, and make exertions, to save our lives. I have therefore come to the conclusion to get the ship again before the wind, and scud before the gale, with a hope to fall in with the coast before dark, and we must act as circumstances may determine. The long boat is ready for hoisting out, if there should be any prospect that it will be of service—and I would suggest that every man should select from among his property whatever he most dearly prizes, and prepare himself for a desperate encounter with the waves—for we shall soon be among the rocks, or islands, or reefs, which line this part of the coast of Scotland and then may the Lord in his goodness have mercy upon us!'

The men listened in silence to this address, and hastened below to carry into effect, the suggestion of the Captain. One of the crew selected a choice garment, which he folded in a compact form and lashed to his back—another encompassed his waist with a hankerchief containing a few silver dollars—another, prompted by a better feeling, chose to preserve an old silver watch, which belonged to his father—one took from his chest a keepsake, which, when he left his native land, he had received from one he dearly loved, declaring that if he could save that he would willingly lose every thing besides—and one rough looking stern visaged man, whose iron features seemed to betoken an absence of tender feelings and kindly affections, eagerly grasped the Bible, which was given him by his mother, and while he secured it to his bosom, next his heart, he declared that even death should not part them!

The ship was put before the gale, and urged by the wind and sea, progressed at a rapid rate. And just as the gloom of night seemed likely to add to the horrors which surrounded them, a high, broken, iron bound coast appeared, directly ahead! The Captain rushed to the bows of the ship, and with a searching gaze he scanned the rough coast, against which the mountain waves were continually breaking—but all seemed dreadfully monotonous, he saw no day, no inlet, no beach before him, only a continuous line of rock—and his heart sank within him. But suddenly, as the ship drew closer to the breakers, and as he was about ordering the helm to be put down, in order to bring the ship to broadside with the breakers, he saw or thought he saw—it it might be fancy—an indentation in the coast, about two points on the starboard bow. 'Port your helm!' he cried, in a loud and clear voice. The ship answered the helm. 'Now, steady—steady!' 'Steady it is, sir!' responded the mate, who stood by the wheel.

In a few moments the Lady Madison had entered a narrow passage, widened as the ship advanced, and was lined on each side by precipices of solid rock.—It soon became necessary to luff around a point, when a land locked bay presented itself to the view of the astonished mariners, who felt that their dangers were over, and silently and instinctively acknowledged their gratitude to God for their deliverance.

Captain Swain gave orders to take in the foretopmast staysail, and luffed up towards the weather shore—and finding what he conceived to be a favorable spot, he plumped the ship hard a fast in the mud? He was soon visited by some of the rough and hardy natives of that region, who could not conceal their wonder at the event which they had just witnessed. They told him that he had entered a bay in the Isle of Mull, by a passage which no vessel larger than a fishing boat, had ever before attempted that the channel was not only narrow and crooked but that the water was shoal—being at ordinary high tide, not more than five or six feet in depth, but the long continued westerly gales had driven them on the coast, and had raised the tides to an extent never before witnessed!

As soon as the gale abated, Capt. S. entered a small vessel, and proceeded to Greenock, for the purpose of procuring anchors and cables—and after discharging a portion of his cargo, he was so fortunate as to get the ship off, and to his great satisfaction, he found that she had received no injury. He subsequently put cargo on board, proceeded out of the bay, through a large and safe channel, different from the one through which he entered, and sailed for Liverpool, where he thoroughly repaired the ship, supplied her deficiencies in sails, &c., and sailed for New York, whither the ship arrived is safety after a passage of eighteen days.

Such was the narrow escape of the ship Lady Madison. The adventure is still talked of with interest by the hardy population of Island of Mull, and may be ranked among the most remarkable cases of preservation, which are recorded in the nautical chronicles.

And, worthy reader! May it never be your lot to be placed in a situation so perilous, as was the case with the brave and noble hearted fellows on board the ship Lady Madision. May you ever be preserved from the three great evils which are dreaded by a sailor--a leaky ship, a calm on the wide ocean, and a gale of wind on a lee shore!

A FUNNY FAMILY.

'Oh, mother,' said the beautiful Rose Mayburn, on Tuesday evening last, Mr. Rubycheck did squeeze my hand so faintly, when he left me at the door to-night—and he says you must give me liberty to go to the ball to-morrow night.'

'Well, Rosy, love,' answered the old lady, as she pulled her spectacles on the bridge of her nose, and drew her chair closer to the fire, 'I have no objection to your going—but you must have a new dress you know, and where on airth, my child, are you to get it?'

'No mother, I don't want a new dress—I can wear a white muslin frock, over my white satin petticoat, and I'll borrow cousin Julia's passed ornaments, and get Frizzier to do my head up.'

'You had better stay at home, and read that interesting account of the burning of John Rogers, in Fox's Book of Martyrs,' remarked Rose's uncle, with a groan, as he sat toasting his gouty shins at the fire.

'Or ask Mr. Rubycheek to give his money to buy bibles for the poor, disconsolate heathens, in the Sandwich Islands,' suggested Rose's aunt, who spent forty dollars last week on a white poodle dog.

'Then I suppose I am to be cooped up in this dull house all the winter. It's a shame—I declare it is!' replied Miss Rubycheek in the perspective, while her little pouting lips swelled until the blood almost burst through its roseleaf casement.

'A dull house, indeed,' said her sharp featured aunt—'I am sure I have plenty to amuse you. There's Watt's Hymns, Æsop's Fables, the piano, the chessman—'

'Yes,' interposed the uncle, 'and talking about chessman, the ivory elephant got his leg broken the other night, and the cook's nigger baby chawed the bishop's nose off in cutting its d—d little grinders. Things are never taken care of in this cussed tower of Babel.'

'Brother Josh, you are in a most amiable mood to-night,' remarked the aunt with a sneer, while she wriggled about in her chair, as though the seat had been stuffed with fish hooks and Spanish flies.

'Amiable—yes—remarkably amiable! So amiable that I wish some one would set you to knitting soup with four steel rasps, or that that tongue of yours was stuck like a spiggot or a screw bolt, into some d—d tight place where you couldn't help it!'

A knock is heard at the door, and Rose's father enters. The appearance of this important personage of course puts an end to the affectionate conversation of the aunt and uncle, and Rose, drawing a chair to the fire for her father, throws her arms about his neck.

'Come, come,' muttered Mr. Mayburn, 'none of your wheedling—bless your soul, you shall have any thing you want—if it don't cost money?

'Father, mayn't I go to the ball to-morrow night.'

'Who's going to take you there!'

'Mr. Rubycheek—the young clerk that gets $2000 a year for keeping books.'

'Bad young man wears a goatee on his chin,' said her father.

'And a hat turned up at the sides, like the irons of a high Dutch skate,' remarked her uncle.

'And a big cameo breastpin, with three figures dancing that Elssler catchoker (cachucha)—as naked as the day that they were born,' interposed the aunt, in her usual delicate manner.

'Has young Rubycheek a hook nose!' interrogates her father, with a most profound pucker of the lips.

'No, father,' answered Rose, 'his nose is a beautiful aquiline.'

'Aquiline! worse and worse. A confirmed hook distinctly. Rose, my love, I am sorry to disoblige you—but when you've lived as long as your daddy, you'll find that men with hook noses are not to be trusted. There's you aunt there, she hung her affections on a man with a hook nose, and after he had hooked all her property, he ran away. There's—

'But, my dear father,' interrupted Rose, 'your nose is hooked, and I am sure it's a handsome one'

'Is my nose hooked! Well, I suppose my mother must have been scared by a scythe, before I was born. Strange world, strange world! Here I have been married twenty-two years, and never knew I had a hooked nose—but as you say there are handsome—beautiful manly noble Roman, and all that kind of a thing, you may go to the ball, my daughter—and here's $50 to buy a new dress.—*N. O. Crescent City.*

A poor old man, who had been for a long time afflicted, died. A neighbor passing by who had received the sad intelligence, entered the house for the purpose of condoling with the afflicted family. He met upon the threshold a hopeful, son of the deceased, to whom he remarked in a low and melancholy tone, 'Well, my little son, I understand your dear father is dead.' 'You are right, now, boss,' said he, 'laid out in t'other room as cold as a wedge!'

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The following message was recently received by a bookseller in Texas, from a young candidate for pedagogue honors and trials in the country—

'Sur, please cend mee tuh bunethes of quills and a half a choir of paiper, as I'm a going to keep a schule in the naiborhood, and I shall be verrie much in want of them, I shall send to yu next week some chickings and a fu parsenips, and the like off that, and you may keep akount of evverry thing, and I will settl with yu when I see you.

COMPETITION.

In a manufacturing town of New England a learned shoemaker adopted as his motto, and had inscribed upon his sign the familiar latin quotation '*mens conscia recti.*' A competitor, who lived opposite, seeing that the sign of his rival attracted much curiosity and custom among the literati of the town, and not to be outdone in keeping up the latest fashions, threw the whole population one morning into convulsions of laughter, by having placed over his shop door in glaring capitals—*men's and women's conscia recti.*'

WOMAN HER SPHERE.

A beautiful woman and her husband were once lost in a wood, in the middle of a very dark night. On all sides they heard nothing but the shrill whistle of robbers, or the long cries of wolves—the sky too was tempestuous. The female became at once motionless through fear.

'What will become of us!' cried she clinging to her husband

'Let us continue our journey, my love, he replied.

'But good heavens! the robbers!'

'Well, then let us return.'

'Oh, that's worse, the wild beasts!'

'What would you have, then?'

'Leave this place.'

'We can only do that, my love, by going forward or returning—choose which?'

The female then shut her eyes, stopped her ears, and suffered herself to be conducted by her husband.

Such is the lot of woman. Nature has pointed out our respective distinctions, and the difference of our conformation. A taller statue, a more solid and a less flexible organization indicate the honorable duties of man. Here the laws of society and nature accord.

In the reign of Charles II. the Duke of Lauderdale, went one day to court in Lord Rochester's week of waiting. Lauderdale went constantly every day during Rochester's week, and as regularly received the same answer—at which, being surprised, he asked Rochester what was the nature of his majesty's illness? who told him the king had got a sore nose. Lauderdale went to Court the next day, and another Lord being in waiting was immediately introduced to the presence chamber. The king expressed his amazement at not having seen him for so many days—and on being informed the impediment, called for Rochester, and demanded his reasons for saying he had a sore nose. Rochester replied, 'Please your majesty, had I been led so long by the nose as you have been by Lauderdale, I am sure mine would have been sore—so I conceived it at least my duty to deny all access to the immediate cause of your majesty's disorder.'

AN ENQUIRY.

A country chap went to Portland and lost his sugar box—and returning to look for it, pops his head in at every door and very gravely enquires—'Nobody ha'nt seen nothin' o' no old sugar box nor nothin' to it, no kiver on nor nothin' ye ha'nt have ye—blast yer eyes!'

A LAWYER ANSWERED.

Old Kingsbury, of N. H. was remarkable for dry humor. As he passed a rye field, one morning in August, he met the lawyer of the village surveying his possessions. Says the lawyer, 'What makes you carry your head stooping upon your breast, friend K! You see ME!—I carry mine erect and upright.' Squire,' answered Kingsbury. 'Look at that field of grain! The full ears hang down like mine. But the empty heads stand up like your own!

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY APRIL 30, 1842.

THE RICHMOND STAR.

The editor of the Star apprises his readers that his paper has "reached its second year," and all parties are pleased. If they are not, they ought to be, for never did an editor labor so hard for the gratification of all classes of readers, or take more pains to cater for people of all tastes, and of every calling.

It gives us pleasure to find the editor meets with encouragement sufficient to enlarge his paper.

But what we set out to comment on is, that Mr. Streeter, over and above his talent for wit, satire, humor, and the great variety of news, incident, agreeable anecdote, and interesting tales, with which his paper abounds—has not been an unconcerned observer of the times, and by the way we find him a bit of a politician, with all!

In a late number of the Star, it appears Mr. Streeter has been spreading his ideas of the different candidates for the Presidency on paper.

He mentions the various candidates by name, viz—Messrs. VAN BUREN, CASS, BENTON, BUCHANAN, JOHNSON, CLAY and STEWART, all of whom he speaks of in terms of gentlemanly respect and seeming judgment.

"Of these candidates," [says Mr. Streeter

"Benton has the strongest claim by reason of long and faithful service. Johnson carries the influence of an epaulette, and might make a tolerable run. Buchanan would do, were the party victorious, as when Van Buren was chosen. Van Buren will not answer—he has run out, gone to seed, and must be content with the prefix of 'Ex.' But upon the whole, we consider Cass to be the man who will finally carry off the covered prize and make the best race of them all. He is a deserving man too, and is respected."

But Mr. Streeter's favorite appears to be *Henry Clay*, respecting whom he says—

"Mr. Clay's popularity now we consider stronger and more deep rooted, as well as wide spread than ever. People begin to feel, if they dont see, that the principles of public policy advocated through life by him, are the sound principles of a statesman, backed by the opinions of old sages."

* * * * * *

"You may argue and talk and theorise till doomsday, and you cannot shut the mouth of experience—and that shouts, with a voice to which this wailing and groaning land responds, that ignorance and folly have broken down the barriers of protection, which kept us free from distress and calamity. Under the old system, we had a powerful government—a prosperous people. When that was destroyed, we found a disgraced Government and a bankrupt people. What has produced this, if the attempts at new doctrines has not?

However, we mean merely to say now, that the people begin to cast their eyes wistfully back to old times. They begin to feel, that however plausible may be the doctrines held before them, yet there is a something rotten, in this Demark of ours. Their fields produce bountifully—the land teems with generous returns for the sweat of the husbandman's brow—yet there is not peace—prosperity is gone, and all the people are suffering and ground to the earth. They remember that once it was not so—and they feel a natural desire to *try the old* way once more—and to do this, Henry Clay must be put in the Chair—there must be a decided, clear, high spirit, to guide us on to the right haven. None of your truckling, manoeuvering, selfish scheming for second terms, as we see now."

There is sound reasoning in all this, and though no politician, we presume the people will naturally approve of the self-denying *principle* avowed by Mr. Clay. A great mind, such as his, never craves distinction. His non-veto and single term proves he is not ambitious of power, if he is of the Chair. It is probable he will be the choice of the people, alias Whigs, though we are not in the *Whig seats.*

THE HUNTRESS.

We will now throw in our gossip.

It has been said in our hearing, that Mr. Van *Buren will* be the candidate of the opposition—that Col. R. M. Johnson will have leave to retire for the balance of his life—[very kind to forget their best friend]—that Mr. Buchanan will be the next nominee to Mr Van Buren, and the next to him will be Col. Benton. This is the arrangement, as we have been told—not a word of Mr. Cass or Mr. Calhoun, though an attempt [in our opinion] will be made in their favor, as both have strong friends.

We are rather inclined to think a large portion of the opposition will oppose Gov. Cass, because they cannot manage him as they can Matty. They can have every thing their own way as formerly, under Mr. Van Buren. It is probable the honest portion of the opposition would prefer Mr. Cass for President, but the office-holder party may be too strong for them.

THE BOSTON NOTION—MORE GOSSIP.

The editor of the Boston Notion is very liberal in his views of the Presidency. He exposes the practice of "getting up panics" for the benefit of favorite candidates, and is very severe upon both parties in Congress. He says that both expect to rise by creating panics—this is to be done by thwarting the Executive, so as to keep up the panic, and that the opposite canadidates will each enter the field upon this panic, each laying the blame upon the other.

"Any Whig, or Democratic leader in Congress,' says Mr. Roberts of the Notion, 'would make a good President, and if ever Mr. *Woodbury*, or Mr. *Wright*, or Mr *Buchanan* of one party, or Mr. PRENTISS or Mr. SOUTHARD, or Mr. RIVES, or Mr BERRIEN, of the other, reach the Presidency, the country would have no cause of regret!' This is extremely liberal, and must strike every one, that it is not the man exclusively, who may be elevated to the Presidency, but the party which governs him, that makes the President popular or otherwise. Mr. Tyler is an example of this.

Mr. Roberts adds. "But if the success of any candidate must depend upon the prostration of public credit, and all kinds of business, &c. "The people will pay a price for it, far beyond its value." Even so! But what can you do with wilful man?

Mr. R. of the Notion is quite wrathy with the former friends of Mr. Webster, upon whom, it appears they have turned their backs in scorn and bitterness.

We have only to say to the editor, that he ought to get some of those missionaries, which Boston furnishes so liberally, to convert the heathen, to convert those bad men in Boston. Their failure to do this, ought to open the eyes of the people to those hypocrites. Facts are stubborn things.

THE GLOBE AND MR. ADAMS.

The remorseless incendiary who has just poured out the vials of his wrath upon his own country, has been, if possible, even more unjust and malignant to our old ally, *France*. His motive for this, we alluded to on Saturday. He hates the French people on account of the early sympathies of the Republican party for the gallant nation which, by its fostering aid to the feeble cause of freedom in America, drew down upon itself the wrath of England for nearly half a century—he hates them now more than ever, because France would be our natural ally, at least in feeling, in the not improbable contingency of a war between the United States and that colossal power whose arm embraces the two hemisperes, and grasps the uttermost parts of the earth."

Globe.

Whatever Mr. Adams may have said of France, or the reigning family alluded to above, no expression of opinion—no language coming from a gentleman of Mr. Adams's years—and respectability—as a gentleman, or any member of the House, uttered on the floor of Congress, where the liberty of speech is a sacred right, ought not to tolerate such abandoned licencious ness of the press. It is unmanly—it would make a savage shrink with horror if he understood the subject. The duty of the press is to expose—reprove, and strip the mask off of hypocrsy. But this can only be done by argument, and reasoning, and can be attained more effecually in the use of decent language. "He that cannot reason is a fool," and the very last person to conduct a political paper in a free government, because he injures the cause he aims to support.

This course in the Globe of using vulgar language, such as "remorseless incendiary," when applied to Mr. Adams, a gentleman who has grown grey in virtue, and the discharge of those duties which has fallen to his lot, from the high trust reposed in him by his country from his youth up, is very ungentlemanly, to say the least.

True, Mr. Adams differs in opinion from many of his friends in some things—but is a man to be hunted like a wild beast, in language only used toward felons, for mere difference of opinion?

We may set it down as a sure mark of superior merit, in the person who is the object of slander and bitterness, while the unworthy and ignoble excite no attention.

NEW MEMBERS.

We regret our disappointment in not meeting with any of the new members of the 27th Congress the present week, but hope to have that pleasure ere long, particularly as we are under many obligations to members who have attended here *two sessions*, whom we have never had the honor to see.

LADIES.

Mrs. *Beeson*. This is the lady of Hon. Henry W. Beeson, elected to the 27th Congress from Pennsylvania.

Mrs. B. is young, and has been married but a few months, being Mr. Beeson's second wife. She is a woman of fine appearance, of the De Medicis model. She is tall and stately in person, with a graceful, waiving figure, and beautifully moulded limbs. Her face is round, or rather so—very fair and full, with handsome, regular features, and a large, dark grey eye, of remarkable beauty and brilliancy. Her forehead is deep and smooth as polished marble, with a light, pencilled brow. Her countenance is modest, innocent and placid as "even tide." In her manners Mrs. Beeson is plain and artless as nature's self, and has all the affability and kindness peculiar to the ladies of her native State.

Mrs *Halsted*. Mrs. H. is the lady of Hon. William Halsted, a member of Congress from New Jersey. She is in the prime of life, with a tall, majestic person, and a figure of striking elegance and dignity. Her face is very fair, with oval, regular features, and a full, blue eye—mild and steady. Her hair is a bright auburn—her countenance is staid and serene, and denotes intelligence and depth of mind. In her manners Mrs. Halsted is rather distant, but very dignified and lady-like.

Mrs. *General Dodge*. Mrs. D. is the lady of Hon. Augustus C. Dodge, the Delegate to Congress from *Iowa*. She is a very young woman, quite a girl in appearance, and cannot have been long a wife. In person she is above the common height, with a sylph-like form, combining every grace of shape and motion. Her face is oval and fair, with regular delicate features. Her full, deep hazel eye, has a joyous brilliancy, which imparts a captivating sweetness to her countenance. Her deep enamelled forehead is adorned with a most beautiful arched brow, and her coal black hair is rich and glossy. Her countenance is intellegent, and has much vivacity and expression. In her manners Mrs. D. is highly accomplished, and uncommonly fascinating. The General himself, one of the best looking men from the great west, deserves much credit for his taste and judgment in the choice of a wife.

There are two of the Dodges in Congress, father and son, the only instance, we believe, on record: They and the family of *Senator Linn*, are nearly allied, and are from the extreme west, where they have lived and hunted the wild man, the deer and the buffalo, and raised large families of children, and though old and young have been reared in the forest, remote from those schools and seminaries of refinement, which abound in the Atlantic States—yet it will be acknowledged by all who have made the pleasure of their acquaintance, that few of the families who visit Washington, can vie with them in pleasing manners, taste or accomplishments, and above all, that noble, high-minded generosity, which is a characteristic of the western people.

Those three families form a paradise amongst themselves, imparting comfort and delight to all around them.

THE RICHMOND STAR AGAIN.

Since our paper went to press, the Star has been received in a beautiful new dress, and sparkles brighter than ever. Success to it.

By the way, we are almost ashamed of the flattering terms in which we are mentioned in the Star. *Sally* is fairly jealous of us!

THE IRON CITY AND PITTSBURG WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

This is a handsome miscellany paper, of the double medium size, published weekly in Pittsburg (Pa) at $2 per annum.

It is well printed, and well filled, containing a little of every thing—stories, anecdotes, life, law, love and murder, and whatever suits the times. We are quite pleased with the Iron City, and if the editor stands to his neutrality, and caters hard for pleasant tales and anecdote—exposes crime and hypocrisy of all sorts, without distinction, and keeps on the right side of the ladies, he must succeed.

ERRATA.

Better late than never, as the old proverb has it. We now make the *amende honorable* by correcting a few errors, of some time past. For instance. In our description of Hon. Mrs B Dawson, of *Louisiana*, her eyes were represented as "*blue*" It should have been deep hazel, [black] and very bright. She is, moreover, much taller and younger looking, than she is made to appear.

Hon. *Mrs. A. Kennedy*, of *Indiana*. This is the lady of the beautiful hair. Her eye is a light hazel, which we likewise swapped away for *blue*—and last, though not least, Mrs. *White*, the amiable young widow from New York. Her hair is a dark *auburn*. We made it yellow.

It is almost impossible to avoid those errors—the windows being uniformly deep curtained, and the subjects mostly with their backs to them.

OH! CONGRESS!! CONGRESS!! GENTLEMEN, OH!

Have you no compassion? Have you forgotten the poor clerks? No wonder you see our friend Sally so often. What can she do? The clerks cannot pay us a picayune, and are starving to boot. How this world is given to wickedness!

'Come Tommy, give us one of those Tippecanoe songs that you sung so well last year,' said a gentleman the other day, to a musical little chap. I mus'nt, sir,' replied Tommy—'Father says Tippecanoe's dead—and if he catches me singing 'Tyler too' again, he'll lick me like all possessed.'

A FUNNY TRIFLE.—We copy the following extract from the second number of Handy Andy, a comic Irish story full of frolic and fun.

'Sure enough,' said the widow. 'God between us and harm,' and marked herself with the sign of the cross as she spoke—'and a terrible murther it was,' added she.

'How, was it?' inquired Oonah, drawing her sheat closer to her aunt and Latry.

''Twas a schoolmaster, dear, that was found dead on the road one mornin', with his head full of fractions,' said the widow.

'All in jommethry,' said Larry.

'And some said he fell off the horse,' said the widow.

'And more said the horse fell on him,' said Larry.

'And again there was some said the horse kicked him in the head,' said the widow.

'And there was talk of shoe-aside,' said Larry.

'The horse's shoe,' was it?' asked Oonah

'No, *alanna*,' said Larry, 'sho-aside is Latin for cutting your throat.'

'But he didn't cut his throat,' said the widow.

'But it's all one whether he done it with a rashair on his throat, or a hammer on his head—it's shoe nails all the same.'

'But there was no hammer found?' was there?' said the widow.

'No,' said Larry. 'But some people thought he might have hid the hammer after he done it, to take off the disgrace of shoe-aside.'

'But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?'

'Not a taste. The corner jury sot on's him, and he never said a word again it, and if he was alive he would.'

'And didn't they find anything at all! asked Oonah.

Nothing but the verdick,' said Larry.

'And was that what killed him!' said Oonah.

'No, my dear, 'twas the crack in the head that killed him, however he kem by it but the verdick o' the corner was, that it was done, and that some one did it, and that they wor blackguards, whoever they wor, and parsons unknown, and sure if they wor unknown then, they'd always stay so and who'd know them after the like!'

'Thrue for you, Larry,' said the widow, 'but what was that to the murther over the green hills beyant!'

'Oh! that was the terribleat murther ever was in the place, or nigh it—that was the murther in earnest.'

Severe.—'What do you suppose the world think of us?' enquired a pedantic young man, of Dr. Johnson. 'Why I suppose, 'says the Dr., 'that they think me to be a bull dog, and you a tin kettle tied to my tail.'

Prentice tells of a chap, who in an ecstacy of overpowering excitement, jumped up, struck his fists together, and exclaimed, 'I feel as if I must either cut some body's throat or steal some body's wallet!

The Grey Mare.—A country Doctor, of homely breeding, courted a brisk girl, the daughter of a farmer, who was persuaded to marry him, he having a good estate. Accordingly, the day was appointed—but, shortly after, spying a grey mare which the old man used to ride, and which for her easy gait was much esteemed, he (the doctor) desired to have her given in to complete his matrimonial bargain, but, being refused, he flung away in a huff, and told the farmer he might keep his daughter.—The girl was delighted with this rupture. But soon after the doctor repented of his folly, and came again to see her, when she was at home alone. She pretended to have no knowledge of him. 'Why, it is strange, said he, 'that you should so soon forget me: I am your old admirer, the doctor.'—'I cry mercy, sir,' replied she, 'I do remember of such a person, who came wooing my father's grey mare. Your mistress is grazing in the orchard, and you can make your addresses to her, if you please.'

DUTCH ACUMEN.—'Look o'here. Hans Van Dunk,' said a Mohawk Dutch Justice, 'I'm bound to decide dis kause by de weight of de desdimony—dat ish de law. Ver well, here ish Van Pelt, Necholas Vedder, Brom Vanderspeigelnal, and Abraham Van Brunt, who shawear dey did not see de prisoner dake de boots, and only dree shwears day did see him dake the boots. De weight of de desdimony is in his favor He may go 'way—and de gonsdable shall pay for de boots.'

POETRY.

ISABEL.

There's no such thing as love—
'Tis all a vain conceit—
When Cupid can my bosom move;
I'll Cupid eat.
It has gone out of vogue,
And so I love to tell
That little, sly, vexatious rogue,
Young Isabel.

I never could find out
The reason why that girl
Is always teasing me about
Being a churl.
I go, no matter where,
If only to the well,
To church or to the market—there
Is Isabel.

She has such saucy ways.
Such eyes of wicked blue,
That have a something in their gaze
To pierce you through,
And then she has a laugh
That fills me with dismay;
Half forcing me to laugh, and half
To run away.

There's no such thing as love.
Or if there is, 'tis well
That it cannot my bosom move
For Isabel.
Sometimes I almost wish.
That I could catch and beat her,
And then I wish she was a fish.
That I could eat her!

'Tis very strange that I
About her should be thinking,
So sad I seem about to die,
Or take to drinking.
There's such a thing as hate,
I'm ready to allow.
For such is my unhappy fate,
I feel it now.

I hate Miss Isabel.
And don't know but I fear her—
Away from her I'm never well.
And worse when near her.
I wish that I could tell
The meaning of the spell—
I know full well she is a belle—
O Isabel! PHAZMA.

[*N. O. Pic.*]

ONE CAT HAS THREE TAILS.—No cat in this world has two tails—granted.

One cat has one more tail than no cat—granted.

But no cat has two tails, as was allowed in the first proposition.

Ergo—one cat having one more tail than no cat, must have three tails.

Sandersville Tele cope.

Anecdote—An elderly lady, a descendant of Miles Standish, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the twenty second day of April Her husband, who was by, observed, 'I always thought you was born on the first day of April.' 'People might well judge so,' observed the matron, in the choice I made of a husband.

'Tommy, my boy,' said an anxious sire to his learned but juvenile son—'Tommy, what part of speech is bank!'

'A bank is—a bank is,' said the youthful grammarian, running his digits to and fro through his hair, that overhung his forehead—'a bank is a negative adverb. pa, because as how it denies the active verb *to pay*.'

'You are wrong, Tommy—but I'll try you again, What part of speech is resumption!'

'Its a verb, sir.'

'No, Tommy—it's a noun.'

'It aint a noun either, sir, because a noun is something of which we have a notion, and we haint no notion that there's going to be a resumption of specie payments.

'Go away, Tommy—your master is spoiling—I must send you to College.'

[*Exit Tommy.*

(Solus by the father]—'That Tommy is a boy of bright ideas! If he don't be President, he'll be at least a member of Congress.'

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience, and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

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Repairing done as usual.

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Pennsylvania Avenue,
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WASHINGTON.

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Do Brogans and Monroe do.
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These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck, which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principals of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electric, and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system, and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases, and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them the symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the rections contained in the work which accompanies them, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success with dieting or inconvenience.

NOTICE.

As there will be but one boat on the route on Sunday, the PHENIX will make five trips on that day between Washington and Alexandria.

Leaving Alexandria at 3 and 10 A. M. and 1, 3, and 5 o'clock P. M.

Leaving Washington at 9 and 11 A. M. and two 4, and 6 o'clock P. M:

JAMES GUY, Jr; Captain;

NEW GUIDE *TO* WASHINGTON,

by G. Watterston, Esq—The above work is just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of washington, and its progress and improvements since its origin—the citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing lese that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it, or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture o washington, though not a mere picture book—all its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions—its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local; and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other, of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book-store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania, avenue.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory

AND

UPHOLSTERER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pensylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads

Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)

Centre, side, colemn, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables

Wardrobes, Bedsteads

Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs

Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture

CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line; Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruit Nuts, &c. H. BARNS

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper rGass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale r Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch oettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silver, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spnage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise a the new varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

☞ Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part othe, United States.

GERMAN HOTEL,

BY

CHARLES ROSENTHRAL.

The proprietor has removed to the south side of Penn. Avenue, between 12th and 13th sts. to the House lately occupied by C. COLTMAN, where he will be happy to entertain his old customers and strangers.

THE GENUINE VEGEABLE PILL —An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets. Strictures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without the knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For sale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; C T and T et Jardella, corner of 12th and the avenue Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, O by Linthicum

PROPOSALS

FOR

PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

The Authentic Report of the Controversal Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and Rev R. T P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary vidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without oppressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing. Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectarians to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the utmost value.

NEW GROCERY.

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that he has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store, and latterly by the office of the Native American, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Grocery line.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

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